

## The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle

Albert Ebbs and Norman Holmes on Nelson Highways department Lancashire was sent to check the drains at the local mortuary.

Norman Holmes went down the manhole there was a stepper in a side drain he undid it pulled it out and got covered from head to foot in the mortuary remains bits of flesh blood and guts all over him he never went down another manhole he transferd to the Parks department to cut grass till he retired

Poem.

In Lancashire's realm, where highways stretch,  
Two souls embarked on a daunting quest.  
Albert Ebbs and Norman Holmes, their names,  
Sent forth to check drains near the mortuary's claims.

Down the manhole, Norman bravely ventured,  
Unaware of the horrors that lay censured.  
A stepper, hidden, in the side drain's hollow,  
Unleashed a torrent of mortuary's sorrow.

Bits of flesh, blood, and guts, a gruesome tide,  
Covered Norman Holmes from head to foot, no hide.  
No more would he descend into that abyss,  
In the Parks department, his solace, his bliss.

To cut the grass, where nature thrived,  
Norman Holmes remained, until he retired.  
A chapter closed on manholes and drains,  
A tale of caution, where darkness remains.

Albert Ebbs, his comrade in this tale,  
Witnessed the plight, and no words could avail.  
For sometimes life's path takes unexpected turns,  
And in the face of horror, new lessons are learned.

Short-lived was the encounter, yet forever etched,  
In the memories of Albert, where hope was fetched.  
For even in darkness, a glimmer can be found,  
A lesson learned on Lancashire's hallowed ground.

So let us remember Albert and Norman's plight,  
Their journey through shadows, a testament to light.  
And when life unveils its unforeseen terrain,  
May we hold fast, and let resilience reign.

By Donald Jay